

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 55.—No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

PRICE 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT,

March 17. The Programme will include:—Elegiac Overture, composed for his Degree of Mus. Doc. at Cambridge (MS.) (Joachim), first time at these Concerts; Concerto, in A minor, for pianoforte and orchestra (Schumann); Unfinished Symphony, in B minor (Schubert); Serenade, from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," with accompaniment for pianoforte, wood, wind, and horn (H. Gadsby); Largo, for organ, harp, solo violin, violins, and viola (Handel); Overture, *La Sirène* (Auber). Vocalists—Mme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Barton McGuckin. Solo Pianoforte—Mme Schumann (her only appearance during the present Series of Concerts). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Reserved Numbered Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats, One Shilling.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL

FESTIVAL. Friday, June 23, Public Rehearsal; Monday, June 25, *Messiah*; Wednesday, June 27, Selection; Friday, June 29, *Israel in Egypt*. Full particulars will shortly be published.

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The next STUDENTS' ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY Evening, the 24th inst., at Eight o'clock.

There will be complete Band and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students, and the Choir of the Royal Academy of Music. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

The Programme will include Schubert's Mass in E flat (first time of performance in London).

Admission, One Shilling. Tickets, at 2s. 6d. and 5s., to be obtained at the Institution, and at St James's Hall.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street,
Hanover Square, London.

SATURDAY NEXT.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her FOURTH MATINEE MUSICALE will take place (by kind permission) at 59, LOWNDSE SQUARE, Belgravia, on SATURDAY next, March 24th, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mme Louise Gage, Mme Enriquez, and Signor Garcia. Violoncello—Herr Schubert. Pianoforte—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Röntgen's Sonata, for piano and violoncello, will be performed (for the second time in England), the Andante con moto and Allegro vivace, by Miss Lillie Albrecht and Herr Schubert, and the Piano Solos will consist of: Fugue in E minor, ending with Grand Choral, Op. 35 (Mendelssohn); Studies from Book 25, No. 20 (for Sixths), and 21, Allegro non tanto, and Scherzo in B flat minor, prestissimo con fuoco, Op. 31 (Chopin); Rigoletto (Liszt); Study for Chords in E sharp major (Thalberg); and Finale (by desire) "The Blue Bells"—Miss Lillie Albrecht. Conductor—Mr CHARLES E. STEPHENS. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Family Tickets (to admit three) and Programmes at Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, and of Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, 33, Oakley Square, N.W.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—President—SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Eleventh Season, 1877. The Next SOIREE, WEDNESDAY, 21st March, and the Next CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, 11th April (Schumann's Compositions forming first part of programme). The Soirees and Concerts of the Society and Branches afford excellent opportunities for young rising Artists to make their *début*, and for Composers to have their works introduced. Full Prospectus on application, by letter, to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., care of Messrs D. DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR GEORGE F. GEAR'S FIRST CONCERT, ST GEORGE'S HALL, TUESDAY Afternoon, March 20, at Three o'clock. Mme Edith Wynne, Mme Patey, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Harp—Herr Oberthür; Violin—Herr Wiener; Violoncello—Herr Daubert; Pianoforte—Mr G. F. Gear. Conductors—Mr GANZ and Mr G. F. GEAR. Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Tickets may be obtained at the Office, St George's Hall; or of Mr G. F. GEAR, 68, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.

On MONDAY, April 2, 1877, at Five o'clock precisely, a Paper will be read by W. A. BARRETT, Esq., Mus. Bac., Oxon., on "Music in Cathedrals." Chair taken at 4.30 p.m. CHARLES K. SALA IAN, Hon. Sec.
24, Sutherland Gardens, W.

METROPOLITAN AND CITY POLICE ORPHANAGE.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.—EIGHTH ANNUAL GRAND VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, which will, with the permission of Colonel Henderson, C.B., Commissioner of Police, be given in Aid of the FUNDS of the ORPHANAGE, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY next, March 23, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Mme Edith Wynne, Miss Banks, and Miss Emily Mott; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr John Child, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Winn, Mr Walter Clifford, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Solo Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Miss Ellen Bliss. Flute—Mr David Keppel. The Band of the "A" Division of Metropolitan Police. Bandmaster—Mr W. Dickenson. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr F. J. HUNT. Reserved Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets at Austin's Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly.

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March 20, at Eight o'clock. SACRED and SECULAR MUSIC. Mme Patey, Mme Varley Liebe, Mr Sims Reeves, Herr Henschel. Tickets, 7s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, and all Publishers.

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MR OBERTHÜR will play his admired Harp Solo, "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," at Mr G. F. Gear's Morning Concert, St George's Hall, on Tuesday next.

BENEDICT'S ANDANTE, AND CHOPIN'S POSTHUMOUS MAZURKA.

MRS CLIPPINGDALE, MDME MATILDE BAXTER, and Mr Wm. GANZ will play the admired Arrangement by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT of his ANDANTE and CHOPIN'S Posthumous MAZURKA, for four performers on two grand pianofortes, on April 3, at Langham Hall.

"THE NAIADES."

MADAME ALIDA GASSIER will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S Waltz-Aria, "THE NAIADES" and MARIANI's Bolero, "I AM AN ARAB MAID," at Langham Hall, on April 3rd next.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR GEORGE PERREN will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on the 26th March, at Greenwich, and on the 3rd of April, at Langham Hall.

MDLLE IDA CORANI having returned to Town, requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera or Concert be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDME ERNST (Soprano) requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR CHARLES ABERCROMBIE (Tenor), of St James's Hall and the Royal Aquarium Concerts, Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's, requests that all applications for Terms and ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio, Opera, or Concert, be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY (his Agent and Business Manager), care of Messrs Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; or the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, S.W.

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MR ARTHUR SHELLEY (ARTURO GARDA), after several years' career in Italy, has accepted an Engagement as **FIRST TENOR**, Imperial Italian Opera Company, and makes his *Début* at the Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, on Tuesday, 20th inst. Letters respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for Italian or English Opera, Oratorio, or Concerts—Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow.

MESSRS CARRODUS, V. NICHOLSON, DOYLE, and E. HOWELL will return to Town on the 24th inst, on the termination of the Quartet Concerts in Scotland.

MR WELBYE-WALLACE (of the Crystal Palace and Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester, &c., &c.), having Returned from Abroad, can accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for Concerts, Opera, or Oratorio. All Communications to be addressed to his Agent, Mr E. D'O'LY CARTER, 9A, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W.

MDME MARIE BELVAL begs that all Communications be addressed to her at 7, Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE IDA CORANI has returned to Town after her successful Provincial Tour as Prima Donna with the Carl Rosa Opera Troupe.

MR FREDERIC WOOD (Primo Tenore), on Tour with the Wilhelmj Concert Party. All Letters to be addressed, care of Messrs HODGE & ESSER, 6 and 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.

MR SHAKESPEARE requests that all Communications concerning **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., be addressed—6, Howick Place, Victoria Street, S.W.

MDME ENRIQUEZ begs that all communications be addressed to her at No. 5, OAKLEY SQUARE, N.W.

MR WILFORD MORGAN requests that all communications respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to his residence, 18, Surrey Street, W.C.

MR GERARD COVENTRY (Tenor), having returned to Town from his Provincial Tour, is at liberty to accept **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorios or Concerts. Address—Care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting **ENGAGEMENTS** for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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Let each speak of the world as he finds it.

Sing me the songs that I loved long ago.

The Piquet.

The Wild, White Rose.

A boatman's life for me.

My Lily.

Sing, dearest, sing.

Many weary years ago.

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JOACHIM AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From the "Times.")

Cambridge, March 8.

The Senate House presented an animated appearance this afternoon, in consequence of the announcement that the honorary degree of Doctor in Music, granted by Grace of the Senate last May to Herr Joachim, would be conferred on that renowned artist. The floor of the building was occupied by members of the Senate and a large number of ladies. The galleries were, as usual, assigned to the undergraduates. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the Congregation, and, with the punctuality usually observed in University proceedings, the Vice-Chancellor, accompanied by the Esquire Bedells, entered, his appearance being greeted with applause. But the observed of all observers was Herr Joachim, who, arrayed in the scarlet robes of a doctor, was quickly recognised. A slight interval occurred in consequence of some formal Graces having to be approved and some supplicants for degrees passed by the Senate, and the impatience of the undergraduates was more than once manifested by inane observations addressed to the officials. The routine business completed, the Public Orator, Mr J. E. Sandys, of St John's College, preceded by the Deputy Esquire Bedell, Mr E. A. Beck, of Trinity Hall, was formally introduced to Herr Joachim, and, advancing about midway up the Senate House, Herr Joachim standing on his right hand, he introduced that gentleman to the Senate in an eloquent Latin speech. At the commencement of the oration, which was delivered throughout in a most effective manner, there were indications on the part of the undergraduates that it would be utterly inaudible except to a favoured few, for a running commentary of senseless observations commenced, and some bronze coins were insultingly thrown before the Public Orator. But the good sense of the majority of the undergraduates prevailed over the boisterous conduct of a few, and, after the opening sentences, the speech was uninterrupted. The allusions which elicited applause were those relating to Amalie (Weiss) Joachim, the noted contralto referred to as Eurydice, to Haydn, Walmisley, Sir W. S. Bennett, Professor Macfarren, and Herr Brahms. By special request the speech of the Orator has been printed and circulated, and we append it:—

"Dignissime domine, domine Procancelarie, et tota Academia:—
"Quae triginta abhinc annis in hac ipsa curia, coram Alberto Principe Cancellario nostro admodum defendendo, coram ipsa Regina nemini nostrum non dilecta, hunc, vixit e pueris egressum, eximios cantus fidibus modulantem audivit; eadem Academia virum, per omnem Europam inter principes totius artis musicae iam diu numeratum, hodie reducem salvere iubet. Hodie nobis redditus est Orpheus—utinam ipsa etiam adesset Eurydice; nunc iterum, ut poetae verbis utar quem Cremonae vicina genuit Mantua, Academi in silvis Orpheus

*'obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.'*

Quid dicam de illis qui inter fautores tanti ingenii olim exstiterunt, de viris sempiternae memoriae Mendelssohno et Schumanno? Nobis autem tanquam triplici vinculo hospitii coniunctus est Regiae Academiae Artium apud Berolinenses Professor, trium deinceps Professorum Cantabrigiensium amicus, primum Thomae Attwood Walmisley, deinde Wilhelmi Sterndale Bennett, denique illius qui nuper horum sacrorum antistes a vobis est creatus,

*'τὸν περὶ Μοῦσας ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθὸν τε καὶ κέρδιον,
ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμείβετο δίδου δ' ἡδὲ δόξαν ἀοιδῶν.'*

Tantis igitur gloriatur praeceptoribus ars illa, quae in solitudine consolatur, in turba delectat vitaeque communis societatem iucundorem reddit; quae fessos recreat, aegrotantibus, si non ipsam dare salutem (sicut olim insanienti Hebraeorum regi), auxilium tamen aliquatenus ferre hodie conatur; quae ipsum Dei cultum adiuvat, et intimos animi affectus exprimit, ipsa intima numerorum cantuumque nixa scientia. Quid autem si ars tanta Musarum nomine vere digna, in hac etiam Musarum domo quasi in ordinem redacta atque via quadam et ratione alumnis nostris tradita, inter severiora nostra studia sedem suam aliquando vindicabit? Quid si inter tot 'tripodas, praemia fortium,' novam quandam laureolem Apollini Musagetiae dedicare volueritis? Interim huic Apollinis ministro quem ipsum prope appellaverim Arcitenentem, huic interpreti certe divinorum in arte sua virorum Sebastiani Bach et Ludovici Beethoven; qui magnus ipse vates magnorum vatum memoriam non sinit interire; hanc lauream nostram Apollinarem, hunc titulum Doctoris in Musica, donare licet; qui honos nunquam antehac ab ulla Academia Britannica habitus est alienigenae, uno illo excepto, qui nascentis mundi primordia immortalis cantu consociavit, Iosepho Haydn.

"At enim αἰώνων ἐπ' εὐτυχίᾳ πολλῇ Φοῖβος λακχεῖ, τὰν καλλιφρόνων κῦθάρων ἑλάνων πλήκτρων χρυσῶν. Gravatur hodie abesse popularem huius viri, alterum Musarum Teutonicarum decus, virum in difficillimo musicae genere facillimum, Iohannem Brahms. Quamquam autem ipse fato iniquo procul retentus est, carmen illius egregium quod 'fatorum' nuncupatur vesperi audietis; audietis etiam novum opus, quo non modo ceteros omnes sed se ipsum superasse dicitur. Post tot triumphos nemo negabit tanto viro consentaneam esse requiem. Ceterum quo maiore animi aegritudine illum absentem desideramus, eo elatiore gaudio praesentem salutamus Iosephum Iochim."

Amid deafening plaudits, Herr Joachim was led to the Vice-Chancellor's chair by the Public Orator. Dr. Atkinson rose, and in the usual Latin formulary admitted him to the title of Doctor in Music.

The rehearsal held to-day at the Guildhall provided a fair opportunity of estimating in some degree the new music prepared for the commemorative concert in the evening. It may be said at once that the entire programme is worthy the occasion, and creditable to those who direct the proceedings of the Cambridge University Musical Society. This society, now in its thirty-third year, is one of the mainstays of art in a town, perhaps, not altogether prone to bestow over-serious attention upon music in the abstract. For twelve years and more the programmes were in a large measure orchestral—symphonies, overtures, concertos, &c., forming the staple attraction, though glees, madrigals, and part-songs were also included. Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, however, produced in 1856, created a taste for choral music of a high order. This was followed the year after by the *Edipus in Colonus* of the same master; and thenceforth choral music, as represented by the recognised great composers, became an indispensable feature. It was not, however, until 1872, when the late Sir Sterndale Bennett occupied the Chair of Music in the University, that ladies were allowed to join the undergraduates as "performing associates" of the society; and this important innovation was celebrated a year later by a performance of that distinguished musician's *May Queen*, and as necessary sequel by J. S. Bach's cantata, *My spirit was in heaviness*, Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, the "German Requiem" of Brahms, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, &c. That the reform in this particular direction has acted largely for good is on all sides admitted; and if anything were needed to establish the fact, the admirable execution of Brahms' *Schicksalstied* ("Song of Destiny"), which, in honour of the great modern German composer, who was expected to take the degree of "Mus. Doc." in company with his close friend in art, Herr Joachim, and whose absence has caused marked disappointment, is awarded a conspicuous place in the programme of the evening. This remarkable setting of one among the most notable of Holderlin's poems was made known to English amateurs by Mr August Manns, exactly two years since, at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday performances, to which we are indebted for so many things that, while deserving all publicity, might still for a long time have remained unknown to us.

The orchestra engaged for this eminently musical celebration, numbering between fifty and sixty executants, the majority from London, is one of irreproachable quality. It comprises ten first violins, headed by Mr A. Burnett, a thoroughly experienced *chef d'attaque*; eight second violins, six violas, four violoncellos, four double basses, three trombones, four horns, two trumpets, a contrabassoon (or double bassoon)—an instrument employed by Beethoven in his fifth (C minor) symphony—and, not forgetting drums, the usual complement of "wood." The force, numerically, is quite sufficient for the hall, the sonority and acoustic properties of which will be more satisfactorily tested to-night, when, notwithstanding the high prices of admission (a guinea and half a guinea), an audience is expected that will completely fill it.

The pieces to be heard for the first time this evening are a symphony in C minor, by Herr Brahms, and an overture in G minor, by Herr Joachim, the newly elected "Doctor in Music." The symphony has already been played at Vienna, where it is criticised in diverse manners, but, on the whole, warmly eulogised. The overture, written expressly for the occasion, may stand for Herr Joachim's credentials, just as the "Oxford Symphony," once familiarly known as "Letter Q" (as not belonging to the "Saloman" set), stood for Haydn's. Of course, such tried masters would not be asked to prove their claim to the distinction conferred upon them through the medium of a probationary exercise; but all honour is due to Herr Joachim for the feeling which prompted him to write an exceptional work in the circumstances. That his overture is a composition of which any modern composer would be proud, may safely be affirmed even at the present moment. It is an elegiac "in memoriam" of Heinrich von Kleist, the patriotic and dramatic poet,

whose career was as ill-starred as his aspirations were pure and noble, and whose unhappy end is, in his own country, to this day a theme capable of evoking the strongest sympathy. How deeply Herr Joachim has entered into his subject, and how strikingly, in a musical sense, he has treated it, there will be time enough to show. Doubtless, Herr Johannes Brahms, had he not altered his resolution, at the eleventh hour, of coming to receive the highest honour musical England is able to confer upon an eminent foreigner, would equally have contributed something new, in acknowledgment of the mark of esteem offered him. At the same time, it is no small thing for the Cambridge University Musical Society to boast that, as they were the first to produce in this country the *Faust* music and pianoforte concerto of Schumann, so are they again the first to make us acquainted with such a grand and elaborate work as the C minor symphony of Brahms, to which, as to the elegiac overture of Herr Joachim, further reference will have to be made. The other pieces contained in the programme of this evening are Beethoven's violin concerto (played by Herr Joachim), two excerpts from J. S. Bach's sonatas in C (also by Herr Joachim); and last, not least, the overture entitled *The Wood Nymph*, by Sterndale Bennett, about which, after its performance at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, Schumann wrote in such glowing terms. As Sterndale Bennett at one time occupied the Chair of Music in the University now filled by Professor G. A. Macfarren, it was only just that on such an occasion some important work from his pen should be introduced; and the programme would have been still more complete and satisfactory had the name of his worthy successor been also represented.

(By TELEGRAPH.)

11 P.M.

The concert to-night in the Guildhall was a brilliant success. The audience was not less enthusiastic than numerous. Dr Joseph Joachim, as might have been expected, was the hero of the evening. On appearing in the orchestra he was greeted with uproarious applause. This was renewed with increased warmth after his magnificent performance of Beethoven's concerto, which he never, even in his happiest moments, played better. Herr Joachim's new overture in commemoration of Heinrich von Kleist was also a success as complete as it was well deserved. This he conducted himself, as he also did the new symphony in C minor by Herr Brahms, which was so finely played from beginning to end that it is a pity the composer himself had not been there to hear it. Two movements from one of the solo sonatas of John Sebastian Bach were also given by Herr Joachim, the last of which being clamorously asked for again, the great virtuoso good-naturedly returned to the platform, but, instead of repeating the movement or substituting another, as was hoped, he showed his open watch to the audience, and retired amid mingled laughter and applause.

Mr C. V. Stanford, organist of Trinity College, conducted all the pieces except the two new works directed by Herr Joachim, and the spirited performance of Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymph*, was creditable alike to him and the orchestra. The "Song of Destiny" was also well executed, the chorus having evidently studied their separate parts with earnestness.

The concert was altogether a success, and among the audience were many well-known connoisseurs and professors from London and elsewhere—a compliment evidently intended for Herr Joachim, upon whom the degree of Musical Doctor had been conferred—an honour never granted to a worthier recipient.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

The setting sun o'er the waving corn,
On the hill which looks over the sea,
And the soothing sound of the breakers, borne
In the ocean breeze by me,
Whilst the skylark's song in the evening chill,
Echoes faint, through the corn-waving breeze, o'er the hill.
Or musing, a placid summer's night
Dreamily into the black
Of the death-silent wood, where the moon trembles light,
On the shadows demoniac,
And the air seems alive with the pure emotion
Of a few musicians at their devotion.
O! that my soul could sail in the sighs,
Hear, nay, feel the beat
Of a throbbing heart, to sympathise
With a rapture so tender, so sweet.
O! for the wondrous joy divine
Of a love-lighted face upturn'd to mine!

Polkum.

THE CAMBRIDGE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Whether scientific researches as to pitch and vibrations, &c., have been of much use to musicians may seem doubtful. But that science and art may co-operate to their mutual benefit, the Cambridge Festival—for to that name last week's gathering is fully entitled—has proved triumphantly. English scholars of widest repute have delighted to honour a foreign artist; and more elegant and melodious Latin has seldom been heard than the speech delivered in honour of the new graduate, Dr Joseph Joachim, at the Senate House, Cambridge, last Thursday week. Of the ceremony of conferring the degree the daily papers have given a full account. Your readers will be more immediately interested in the concert given by the University Musical Society on the evening of the same day. The lion's share, both of work and honour, fell naturally to the new graduate, who played Beethoven's concerto, and two movements for violin solo by J. S. Bach, also conducting Brahms' new symphony and his own elegiac overture, an admirable piece of musical workmanship, conceived, moreover, in a truly poetic spirit. Everyone knows that Joachim is the first violinist living, and ought to know that, as a conductor, he has few equals. If to those who were present at the concert alluded to his conception seemed to be more inspired, his tone grander and fuller even than usual, those who had not that privilege may feel inclined to explain the phenomenon from the natural excitement of the occasion. I therefore merely state my own private opinion to that effect. Joachim's reception was, as a matter of course, most cordial; and if, as Schiller says somewhere, "one ought to weigh votes, not only to count them," even the great violinist must have been gratified by the applause of such an audience as that at Thursday week's concert.

I do not feel called upon to enter upon detailed criticism of the new works produced, especially as both will shortly be heard in London. It will be better to allude briefly to the condition of musical art in Cambridge itself as evinced on the present occasion. The chorus of the University Musical Society is, upon the whole, worthy of all commendation. The beauty and power of the male voices is especially noticeable, a welcome proof of the growing taste for music amongst the undergraduates. The rendering of Brahms' most difficult "Song of Destiny" cannot be praised too highly, the ticklish *staccato* passages descriptive of the "dashing" (not "dropping," as the Rev. Mr Troutbeck tamely transcribes it) of water from cliff to cliff, especially being attacked with un-failing energy. To a considerable degree this result is, of course, due to Mr C. Villiers Stanford, the conductor of the society. As a leader of the orchestra Mr Stanford evidently lacks experience, and the performance of Sir Sterndale Bennett's enchanting overture, *The Wood Nymph*, was somewhat wanting in refinement and colour. But the "Song of Destiny," as was said before, does all possible credit to the energy and presence of mind of the conductor. Mr Stanford, it ought to be added, is the author of an overture and incidental music to Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, and the visitors of the Crystal Palace Concerts will soon have an opportunity of judging of his gift as an orchestral writer.

To sum up, the Cambridge Festival was a decided success, socially no less than musically; for the refined and cordial hospitality of the University was worthy of its ancient fame, and will live in the pleasant recollection of the numerous visitors.

F. H.

VIENNA.—The Italian operatic season opened with *La Sonnambula*, Mdme. Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini sustaining the two principal characters. The lady met with an enthusiastic reception. Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre* was produced at the Imperial Operahouse on the 6th inst., with the following cast: Brunnhilde, Mad. Materna; Sieglinde, Mlle Ehnn; Fricka, Mad. Kupfer; Siegmund, Herr Labatt; Wotan, Herr Scaria; and Hunding, Herr Hablawetz. Neither expense nor trouble has been spared in getting it up. The scenery has all been designed and painted expressly by Herr Hofmann; the accoutrements, weapons, and costumes are from the designs of Professor Dopler. Herr Hans Richter conducted. Yesterday, the 16th inst., at the concert given in aid of the Beethoven Movement, the Abbate Franz Liszt was announced to conclude his professional career as a pianist. He was to play Beethoven's E flat major Symphony and the Choral Fantasia. In order to enable all classes to attend the Abbate's farewell, the managing committee arranged a very varied scale of prices of admission.

DR JOACHIM.

(From "Mayfair," March 18th.)

Strange are the ways of fate. When nearly forty years ago, at an out-of-the-way place in Hungary, Joachim's parents bought the first twopenny fiddle for their precocious boy, they little thought that the simple instrument would ultimately serve as "open sesame" to the highest honours of a great English University. Such, however, has been the case. At a quarter past two on Thursday afternoon, the German violinist became an English Doctor, and with remarkable dignity entered upon his new duties under not altogether untrying circumstances. It is not every one's nervous system that can support the strain of facing a large assembly of distinguished scholars and mischievous undergraduates while his own merits are expounded in an eloquent Latin oration. Playing half-a-dozen violin concertos is nothing compared with it.

But if Joachim's self-possession is worthy of all praise, Cambridge also was equal to the occasion. Compared with those of the sister University, Cantab manners are remarkably mild, and in the present instance the students behaved with the utmost propriety, enlivening the scene with harmonious pipings and cheering lustily the distinguished personages present. Amongst the latter only Robert Browning, Professor Macfarren, Signor Garcia, Mr W. S. Broadwood, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr J. W. Davison, Mr Arthur Chappell, and Messrs Manns and Grove of the Crystal Palace may be mentioned here. The reception of the new Doctor himself was, it need hardly be added, most cordial. The ceremony of conferring the degree is not without impressiveness. Modern gentlemen look rather awkward in red gowns with ermine capes; but there is about the dress and the speeches and the bows and genuflections, a taste of antiquated grace which well accords with the place and the occasion.

In his elegant Latin speech the Public Orator of the University, Mr Sandys, regretted the absence of Johannes Brahms, the celebrated German composer, for whom also the honour of a degree had been intended. Brahms at first accepted the invitation, but ultimately changed his mind, for reasons best known to himself. He had, however (to make up for his personal absence), sent his new MS. symphony in C minor, and this work formed the *pièce de résistance* of the brilliant and crowded concert given by the University Musical Society in honour of the occasion. An important choral piece by the same composer, called "The Song of Destiny," was included in the programme, and the gracious manner in which these works of the ungracious absentee were received does credit to the good feeling of the Cambridge public. But the honours of the evening were naturally reserved for the new graduate who appeared in his double capacity as composer and virtuoso. The "Elegiac Overture," by Joachim, first performed at last evening's concert, is an admirable specimen of orchestral writing, full of finely balanced instrumental effects, and by no means devoid of pathos and melodious intensity. For the display of his executive skill Joachim had appropriately chosen the violin concerto by Beethoven, the first work he played in England when thirty-three years ago he made his *début* at the Philharmonic Society under Mendelssohn's auspices. The beautiful overture, *The Wood Nymph*, by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, completed the interesting programme. The two last-mentioned works were creditably conducted by Mr Stanford, the organist of Trinity College, who with Joachim alternately wielded the *bâton*. Mr Stanford also was the leader of the chorus of the Society in Brahms' "Song of Destiny," the enormous difficulties of which were attacked by the singers with an energy deserving of, and commanding, success. But I will not trouble your readers with any more musical criticism. Brahms and Joachim's new works will be heard in London, and there will be time then to enter into details. We are here in the midst of a festival, the social aspects of which are of no less interest than the artistic. Looking last night at the crowd of distinguished men and beautiful women, at the eager, handsome faces of the undergraduates, many of them of the best blood in England, I could hardly believe myself in the same country where, a hundred years ago, a foreign fiddler stood socially a little

above a mountebank. Lord Chesterfield would not have acknowledged any difference between the two; and when, much later even than that, the widow of the brewer, Thrale, married an Italian singer of repute, her friends lamented over her disgrace. Now-a-days the *mésalliance* would probably lie the other way. But the high social esteem in which distinguished musicians are held in our time is fully explained by the considerable and still growing taste for the Art itself amongst us. Never since the days of Queen Elizabeth has music formed so important a part of the education and amusements of the better classes; and the times are, let us hope, past for ever, when wits thought it clever to ignore the difference twixt "tweedledum and tweedledee."

Returning from the abstract to the pleasantly concrete, I ought to mention that to-night a banquet takes place at Trinity, when Joachim will for the first time dine in Hall. The Fellows of that College and the members of the University generally have offered to their London visitors the most cordial hospitality; and it is only a feeling of discretion that prevents me from mentioning the names of gentlemen who would blush at seeing an acknowledgment in print of what to them appears the most ordinary kindness.

Cambridge, March 9.

Joseph Joachim.

(From the "Graphic.")

This admitted chief of living violinists is Hungarian by birth. His native place was Kitzes, a small village near Presburg, whence his family removed to Pesth, where, in early childhood, he showed so strong a disposition for music that he was placed under Szervacsinsky, orchestral director at the theatre, who first gave him instructions on the instrument his perfect command of which has earned him such renown. Here young Joseph, after two years' application, first appeared in public. From Pesth he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to obtain lessons and friendly advice from the esteemed professor Böhm, to whom many eminent violinists, Ernst and Mayseder among the number, were indebted for similar advantages. After four years' residence in the Austrian capital, Joachim went to Leipzig, with the hope of earning further experience through the counsels of Ferdinand David, who, however, finding he had nothing to teach him, was too ready to make him a companion in his own especial studies. At Leipzig the young musician not only practised harmony and composition with the well-known contrapuntist, Moritz Hauptmann, under whom he made remarkable progress, but was soon on terms of intimacy with Mendelssohn, which continued to the end of that illustrious composer's life. He was the constant companion of Mendelssohn, who spoke of him in the highest and most affectionate terms, instigating his first visit to London, and furnishing him with letters of recommendation to Sterndale Bennett and other men of influence. Joachim arrived in London during the spring of 1844; and the attention of amateurs and professors was soon drawn to the extraordinary talent of the boy-violinist, who (born in 1831) was at this period in his thirteenth year. He had already made a great impression by his performance of Spohr's *Scena Cantante* at the "Società Armonica" (conducted by Mr. Forbes), before his friend and patron, Mendelssohn, came to London, to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts. At one of these, under Mendelssohn's direction, he played Beethoven's violin concerto, introducing *cadenzas* of his own, with such success, and such enthusiastic applause, that from that moment he shared with Mendelssohn himself the honours of the musical season.

About Joseph Joachim's subsequent career in England it would be superfluous to say much. He returned to us, successively, in 1847, 1849, 1852, 1858, and 1859, on each occasion bringing with him something that raised him as a composer higher and higher in the opinion of connoisseurs. From 1859, when he joined the Monday Popular Concerts, instituted in that year by Mr Arthur Chappell, a season has rarely passed without the coming of the great violinist and musician being looked forward to as an event of high importance. How much his splendid playing, his extended repertory, and his invariable adherence to the pure standard of art, which from a mere youth he raised up for himself, has served to promote the material interests of these concerts, and to win for

them the honourable position they now occupy, is generally known. Had Joachim done nothing more than familiarise our intelligent musical public with the later quartets of Beethoven, with many things of Bach which had previously met with scant recognition, and with the works of the now reigning star of Germany, Johannes Brahms, he would have entitled himself to the consideration of all those who look upon art as a serious thing. It must not be supposed, however, because Bach and Beethoven are his authors of predilection, that Herr Joachim's wonderful power of "reproducing"—a term applied by Herr Wagner, Abbé Liszt, and their satellites in a manifestly wrong sense—is limited to these masters. The contrary has been proved by his admirable readings of others—not only of his new favourite, Brahms, but of Handel, Mozart, Cherubini, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Spohr, &c., his sympathy for whom is equally unquestionable.

With the honours accorded to Herr Joachim in his adopted country, Germany, we have no space to deal. Enough that he enjoys a consideration there such as few executive artists have enjoyed before him. He has been at various periods *Concertmeister* and teacher, with David, at the Leipzig Conservatory (1848); *Concertmeister*, with Liszt, to the Duke of Weimar (1849); and *Concertmeister* and solo-player, with the exclusive direction of the King's orchestra, at Hanover (1851). He is now in a position to do more for music than he was ever enabled to do previously, being director of the "Hochschule für Musik"—executive department—at the Berlin Royal Academy of Arts, where he is also permanent member of the Senate. Here his example and precept are of incalculable value, inasmuch as the appointment of professors in his department is left entirely to his suggestion—submitted, of course, to the approval of the Minister for Education, an approval which has on no occasion been withheld. The combined purposes of the "Hochschule" are thorough musical education and model performances of works by the great masters.

As a composer, Joachim has chiefly directed his attention to instrumental music. To give a list of his various works would exceed the limits of what is intended for a brief memoir; but the "Concerto in the Hungarian style" may be fairly cited as his *chef d'œuvre*, combining, as it does, the impressions of his early days with the complete mastery he has obtained, both as executant and producer, over all the secrets of his art. This concerto, in its way, is unique, and has, not without good reason, been placed in juxtaposition with the violin concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The degree of "Doctor in Music" at Cambridge University was conferred upon Herr Professor Joachim on Thursday, for which ceremonial he wrote an elegiac overture, in *memoriam* of Heinrich von Kleist, the patriotic but unhappy dramatist.

THE GARDEN OF ROSES.*

In a garden of roses while straying,
And plucking a bud from each tree,
In my ear a sweet voice would keep saying—
"Save one little rosebud for me!"

And as every fresh flow'ret I gathered,
I heard the same voice in my ear,
Saying, "Save me a rosebud, I pray thee,
No matter how drooping or sere."

In my mem'ry I well had engraven
The sound of that voice long ago,
So I gathered the fairest of flowers,
The brightest in gardens that blow!

And I placed it where softly she slumbered,
Beside the old church on the hill;
And though years all my cares have out-numbered,
I give her the brightest bud still.

For I loved her in childhood, ere sorrow
Had dimmed her bright eye with its frown,
And I'll meet her where garlands unfading
Her pure angel forehead shall crown.

And each flow'ret which here I have given,
Though now it has faded from sight,
Will re-open more beauteous in Heaven,
Immortal, and fadeless, and bright.

H. MELVILLE.

* Copyright.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

Amongst the few who interest themselves in the progress of the musical art among us, Mr Henry Leslie holds a prominent position. The concerts of his justly famous choir embrace a wide field. Glees, madrigals, and part-songs—all partaking of a purely national character—are brought forward side by side with the works of foreign masters, and the taste for this kind of song is thereby fostered even more essentially than by the Catch and Glee clubs of yore. Mr Leslie's choir may challenge comparison the world over, and, fortunately, he is able to command the highest results from the means at his command. The experience of twenty-one seasons, no less than the popularity of his concerts, are proofs of this. At the first concert of his twenty-second season, Mr Leslie produced a motet for double choir, "Sing ye to the Lord," by John Sebastian Bach, the first public performance of the work in England. In Peters' edition of Bach's motets this (No. 6) is called "*Der 149 Psalm*"; and it is, perhaps, the finest in the published collection. The motet is divided into four movements. *Allegro moderato*, "Sing ye to the Lord;" *chorale*, "Like as a father bendeth;" *poco allegro*, "Praise ye the Lord;" and *allegro vivace*, "Hallelujah!" The movements likely to please the majority of tastes are the *chorale*—the motive of which is identical with our "Old Hundredth," and the final "Hallelujah"—a masterly specimen of four-part fugal writing. The study of so elaborate a work must have necessitated numerous and careful rehearsals, and we hear that the choir has gone through no less than forty. The difficulty of the work must excuse certain discrepancies evident on Thursday last; but the singing of the basses was beyond praise, and the manner in which the pitch was kept up was remarkable in the absence of instrumental support. The motet was well received; and we hope to hear it once again, at least, during the present season. The programme, interesting as a whole, included choral works by Palestrina, Mozart, Henry Smart, Mendelssohn, Bennett, Fesca, Pearsall, Morley, A. de Gaul, and Henry Leslie, encores being awarded to Fesca's madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," and Morley's "My bonny lass." The soloists were Miss Robertson, Miss de Fonblanque, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Miss Robertson's soprano voice and facility were favourably exhibited in the *aria*, "Sciogli l'innno Dei Profeti," from Graun's *Der Tod Jesu*, and the *valse* from Gounod's *Mireille* (neither of them, by the way, of any intrinsic value). Miss de Fonblanque made a successful *début*. Her voice is a *mezzo-soprano* with good lower notes, and she has obviously studied in a legitimate school. Miss de Fonblanque selected for solos "Fac ut portem," from the *Stabat Mater*, and "O mio Fernando," from *La Favorita*, both of which were favourably received; she also joined Miss Robertson in "The Fan," by Mr Henry Leslie. Mr Edward Lloyd sang "Cujus Animam," a new song by Mr Leslie, "Always," and Gounod's "Maid of Athens," in his usual finished style. The hall was filled in every part.

A COMPLAINT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Referring to your notice of that admirable young vocalist, M^{me} Marie Belval, she writes a letter in your journal of last week complaining of her not being noticed as singing a song by Mr W. Ganz, "My Mother's Song." That lady ought to rest satisfied with the pleasing notice of her concert, and the part she accomplished. Mr Ganz's name, as composer and performer, is down seven times in her programme—in all conscience enough. My object in writing this letter is to protest against appropriating the title of a popular song of mine—"My Mother's Song"—published over twenty years back, the words written by my old friend, Wellington Guernsey. What would Mr Ganz say if I appropriated his titles, "The Nightingale's Trill," and "Love hailed a little maid," to other words? Or if I selected a few bars of music from Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, or *Lohengrin*, and worked them into a "Qui vive" Grand Galop, a title which every dance writer of music for the last half century has taken? I protest against the title of Mr W. Ganz's song—"My Mother's Song."—I am, sir, yours truly,

JOSEPH P. KNIGHT

(Composer of "She wore a wreath of roses," "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep," "The Sailor Boy's Dream," &c.).

Bristol, 12th March, 1877.

THE NORFOLK AND NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(From the "Norwich Argus.")

No. 2.

Having last week discussed the altered conditions under which the Norwich Festival of present days may be said to be held, it now behoves me to take into consideration the various changes and modifications which, in my opinion, the circumstances demand. In offering these suggestions I need scarcely remark that they are the result of careful and anxious inquiry into the whole subject, naturally actuated by no other motive than an earnest desire to prevent, if possible, the decay and ultimate collapse of a most worthy musical institution. I may further add that I have been materially assisted in my efforts to arrive at the best practical conclusions by one whose authority on Festival matters is of the very highest value.

I think I have shown that your Festival must no longer depend for its success on the aid it receives from the county families, and the question consequently arises, To whom shall we turn to obtain support from in their place? In answer I can only say, to the people of Norwich themselves. If your prices have hitherto been prohibitive, they must no longer be so, that is all. As a proof of the truth of this I have but to assert the well-known fact that of late years the cheap concerts have been the ones to bring the most receipts into the treasury. Another query then comes, How will it be possible to appeal more than we do to popular tastes without lowering the standard of the performances? This difficulty I propose to meet by a complete re-arrangement of the performances, their number, and the days on which they are held. To begin with, it has long been evident that by inaugurating the Festival on the Monday evening and carrying it on almost without cessation until the Friday, the whole affair is much too long. The reasons for this are obvious. It gives no time for adequate rehearsals, the artists are exhausted before half their work is done, and their terms are much higher because of the length of the engagement, while I submit that there is really not a public sufficiently large and rich to justify so prolonged a scheme. I therefore propose the curtailment of the latter in a way that will serve to consolidate its attractions, render its execution more perfect, and diminish the cost to a very appreciable extent.

In the first place, the Festival should not begin till the Tuesday night, with the usual cheap oratorio, which has always paid so well. This later commencement will have enabled your conductor to hold full rehearsals with band and chorus on the Monday, and again on the Tuesday morning (this time with the soloists)—hitherto an impossible, though, of course, urgently necessary preliminary. On the Wednesday morning a large high-priced audience should be ensured by the performance of a new sacred work of importance—the great gun of the Festival. I may here parenthetically repeat that a production such as this must *always* without fail be made. It is, in fact, one of the primary points for consideration, since novelty is the almost sole means by which aid and attention can be secured from extraneous sources for the Festival as a musical institution. In the evening the usual ballad concert would take place, but the prices must not be higher than on the previous evening, and the hall must be arranged (as, indeed, it should be throughout the meeting) with a view to the attendance of a large body of the general public rather than a majority of guinea or half-guinea seat-holders. On the Thursday morning I suggest that no performance should be given at all, for the reasons that the second morning concert never pays, and that the interval will give the performers time to rest before continuing their work. In the evening, a grand attractive concert might be given, the first part consisting, say, of a new cantata by a first-rate composer, and the second part, of a judicious sacred selection. As a matter of course the *Messiah* would follow on the Friday morning, and here the Festival proper would end. Thus far you would have had five performances, and I may safely say that if four out of these paid fairly well, the success of the Festival would be assured. You have on the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Friday morning three essentially attractive concerts to draw the general public with, and those on the Wednesday morning and Thursday evening are the only ones to which, conscientiously speaking, you may hope to bring your county families and gentry (who are constantly hearing the standard works elsewhere) in anything like paying numbers. It has beyond doubt been proved at former Festivals, that if three or four out of the whole week's concerts pay well, a good balance is the result; the others, then, can only be a dead loss, and, as they in nine cases out of ten consist of hackneyed works, what earthly use can there be in giving them?

I now come to the event with which the Festival always concludes, viz., the ball. For several years this affair has been, instead of a brilliant success, a dead loss. Like all the other attractions, it

used to be of much rarer occurrence in years gone by, and the county folks were wont to flock to it in large numbers, whereas now very few of them attend, and these do not like to do so because of having to meet the mixed company who only lend their aid and presence to this particular portion of the week's festivities. As a matter of profit and to give *éclat* to the meeting the ball is all very well, but the moment it becomes a pecuniary loss it no longer has any *raison-d'être*. My proposal is to replace it, and thus further appeal to the people of Norwich by a thoroughly popular concert, which shall afford attractions of irresistible calibre. This would be much more likely to add a large lump to the receipts than the ball, the loss of which the best people would certainly not miss, and the grumbings of the others might pass unheeded. With this additional concert there would be altogether six performances, for three if not four of which the prices should be such as would make them accessible to your townfolk generally. It cannot be gainsaid, either, that the character of the programmes, while offering comprehensive attractions, should still be in every respect as high and classical as has been the case up to the present time. Here I must draw to a close for this week, and shall in my next endeavour to point out some other respects in which the Festival arrangements stand in need of amendment.—*Norwich Argus*, March 3rd.

GRAUN'S PASSION MUSIC AT ST GABRIEL'S, PIMLICO.

Whatever future historians may say of the Church in our day, apathy and coldness will not be laid to its charge. Most people will acknowledge that music has nobly seconded this awakening of the Church, and, wherever reverence and a high standard of musical excellence are combined, a large congregation is the result. Services of this character, also, have an influence in another direction. The best musicians are attracted and encouraged to turn their genius towards Church music, and publishers are ready to lend their aid. We have no less than five settings of music on the subject of the Passion of our Lord. Bach's great work (*St Matthew's Passion*), now annually sung at St Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday in Holy Week, and *St John's Passion*, by the same composer, familiar to us through the performances at St Ann's, Soho, on the Fridays in Lent; then Haydn's *Passion (Last Seven Words)*, becoming deservedly more popular as a church service; Gounod's setting of the same subject, which, as it can be sung without accompaniment, will find a home in churches where orchestral instruments might be objected to; and, lastly, Graun's *Passion (Der Tod Jesu)*, almost unknown in England. Of this work and the performance at St Gabriel's, Pimlico, we wish especially to speak. Graun was contemporary with Handel, both dying in 1759. He was of a musical family, and there are in the library at Berlin several manuscripts by his brother, Augustus Frederic. Graun's residence in Italy greatly influenced him in favour of the Italian school; and, on his return to Germany, he became popular with those who considered the native school too severe. At this time Italian opera was much in vogue, and Graun devoted his chief energies in this direction; he also, like his contemporary Hasse, both acting and singing in his own works. The cantata under notice is regarded as his greatest composition. Published in 1760 at Leipzig, it has enjoyed a popularity denied to many works of equal value. Its chief merit lies in the choruses, which are effective and easy to execute. Some of the subjects are, however, familiar to musicians versed in the music of the period, and yet unacquainted with Graun. The solos are long, florid, and of high range, written to satisfy voices of the most flexible nature, and therefore unfitted for the Church at penitential seasons. These can, however, be omitted without detriment to the narrative. The cantata would then be of moderate length, and might be sung with effect as an anthem. The original words are by Ramlar, and the Rev. J. Troutbeck has been very successful with the English adaptation. Much praise is due to the organist, Mr Marcellus Higgs, and the choir of St Gabriel's Church, Pimlico, for having brought this work to a hearing, for, we believe, the first time in London. The choruses were sung by a well-balanced choir of sixty voices, and the accompaniments were cleverly played on the organ by Mr H. M. Higgs. The soprano solos were entrusted to a little boy, who sang with ease and skill; and the tenor and bass solo music was equally fortunate in exponents who never seemed to lose sight of the devotional part of their tasks. From a musical point of view the service was in every department praiseworthy, while the reverent behaviour of the congregation was ample proof that these services do good work, when conducted in a matter befitting the occasion.—*Musical Times*.

MAGDEBURG.—The new opera *Die Rose von Woodstock*, by Herr Bennewitz, has been favourably received at the Stadttheater. It is agreeably distinguished for new and original melody.

JOHN OXENFORD.

(From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.")

Requiescat in pace. As those words were uttered by the priest for the last time over the coffin which was almost hidden from sight by the loving tribute of flowers that had been laid upon it, there was not one of those who stood by the grave of John Oxenford but must have muttered "Amen!" from his heart. Never did a man who had for so long a time wielded that weapon—the edge of which is so apt to cut both him who uses it and him on whom it is used—the critic's pen—leave behind him so few enemies and so many friends; friends not only in name, but in heart; friends who felt, as that coffin was lowered into the vault, that a void which never could be filled was left for them among the noblest pleasures of this life. "Glorious John," as those who knew him best delighted to call him, was no mere "good fellow;" no mere boon companion, whose absence from one's table or fireside leaves a blank indeed, but one easily filled in the course of time. He was a man to be intimate with whom was truly a privilege. More learned men there doubtless are; men as widely read there may be; men who were better talkers there may have been; but there is not, and I doubt if ever there was one who, to deep and wide knowledge of books, added so much unaffected modesty, so kindly an appreciation of others, and such a genial love of mankind. To many the fact that he had been for the last eighteen months a Roman Catholic was a surprise; yet there never was a man who embodied in himself, as far as literature was concerned, the purest essence of catholicity; that large-minded, big-hearted love of all books, learned or playful, heavy or light, foreign or native, grand or humble, as John Oxenford did. When I hear him spoken of, or see him written of, as a "mere playwright," or "theatrical critic," I wonder what acquaintance those who so speak or write can have with the literature of their own or any other European country. I should have thought that any aspirant to a "pass" in any of the numerous examinations now so virulently prevalent, would not be able to mention less than four names of those to whom we owe the introduction of the study of German literature into this country. Of these four, John Oxenford, no less than Coleridge, De Quincey, and Carlyle, is certainly one. The same pen which wrote with such humorous indulgence and marvellous clearness a notice of the last new play, which was intended to amuse the town, would be employed the very next hour on an erudite article, treating of some rare old book, for the *Saturday Review*, or would be translating the obscure phraseology of some German *Lied* into melodious and intelligible English verse. Though he read both the Latin and Greek classics with as much ease and avidity as young ladies read novels—though within a few weeks of his death, when he was suffering from great exhaustion, I found him amusing himself by working out abstruse algebraical problems—there never was a man less a pedant than John Oxenford. I have often been immensely amused by the tone of contemptuous patronage with which young philosophers of the present day would receive the name of Oxenford, regarding him from the supreme height of their arid priggism as a mere scribbler for the press. These are the young gentlemen who never read any novels but George Elliot's, who are always bored if they go to a play, except it be of the fleshly burlesque type, which, being within the range alike of their sympathies and their understandings, they can descant upon, of course purely from the æsthetic point of view. For such persons and for "swells" John Oxenford had a decided antipathy; in their society he was silent and uncomfortable; but even against them, much as he disliked them, he uttered nothing worse than the most good-

humoured satire. I do not think he could ever have known how to sneer—of malice he was incapable. The very last time I was with him, scarcely a fortnight before he died, he alluded to some injury that had been done him, not with the shallow indifference of one who would fain appear hardened against the buffets and stings of this world, but with that cheerful gentleness inherent in his great-hearted nature, with which he invariably met all ill-natured attacks, from whatever quarter. He had been, in the opinion of many of his friends, a free-thinker for a great part of his life, but he certainly had the habit of true charity, which many Christians find it so hard to acquire. To the last he worked on, though towards the end of his life his strength failed him; yet scarcely a week passed but he contrived to write some words for music, or to translate French and German songs. Sometimes he was able to accomplish a review—generally of some classic, all the new editions of which he studied with the warmest interest. It was pleasant to see his face brighten as he compared the school editions of the present day with those which existed when he was a boy. He rejoiced to see his favourite authors introduced to the young under such favourable circumstances. His library contained few bound volumes and fewer rare editions. If he devoured books, he digested them too. He loved them for the nourishment they contained, and cared little how they were dressed.

Many and of various classes were the mourners round his grave. Busy men gave up their precious time in order to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to one who, fully conscious that knowledge was power, had ever used the one with gentle forbearance, the other with noble modesty.

F. M.

ST JOHN'S HOSPITAL.

A reading of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, was given on Saturday evening in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music, on behalf of St John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. The arrangements made were adapted to secure an efficient result, as will at once be understood when we say that Miss Evelyn and Mr Ryder undertook to recite the drama, and that Mr Alfred Gilbert conducted a chorus of one hundred voices, together with an orchestra chiefly selected from the Crystal Palace band. But, unfortunately for the benevolent object in view, the public did not respond to the extent which might reasonably have been expected, looking at the acknowledged attraction held out, and St John's Hospital, we fear, has reaped little benefit from a very laudable effort. The fact, however, that attention is now called to the existence and claims of the charity may ultimately be of service, and obtain some of the help required. The performance of a work so familiar as *Antigone* scarcely demands extended remark. It will be credited that such an elocutionist as Mr Ryder did all that was possible for his share. Miss Evelyn infused much real pathos into the words of the unhappy heroine; the final scene, in which *Antigone* appears, being specially effective, and earning hearty recognition. As regards the musical portion of the entertainment, little fault could be found save in the accompanied recitatives, where a want of unity only obtainable through careful rehearsal, was occasionally observed. All else did credit to every one concerned, especially to the conductor, Mr. Gilbert, and the soloists, Messrs Greenhill, Wallace Wells, Hempel, and Stanley Smith, whose rendering of the delicious quartet, "O Eros," showed real taste. The most striking effect in the performance was created by the grand Hymn to Bacchus, a splendid execution of which evoked loud applause.

MADRID.—M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* will shortly be performed by the Italian company at the Teatro Real with the following cast: *Mignon*, Signora Virginia Ferni; *Philine*, Signora Reigl; *Federico*, Signor By; *Wilhelm*, Signor Stagno, *Lothario*, Signor Belval; *Lærtio*, Signor Fiorini; and *Jarno*, Signor Cruz.

Popular Concerts.
(RETROSPECT.)

There was no novelty, but a great deal of excellence, in the programme of Monday last, not a single item being without attraction of the highest class. We need scarcely stop to demonstrate this as regards the opening work, Beethoven's Quartet in F major (Op. 59), the first of the set, dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, in which the mighty master's genius appears at once most exalted and most intelligible. Mendelssohn's remark that this quartet, with its successor in F minor, are the most "Beethovenish" of all Beethoven's works, may be accepted as perfectly true. In them, more than in the more abstruse compositions characteristic of his so-called "third style," do we see, perhaps, the highest development of marvellous gifts, according to the rules of art. The extraordinary second movement, as will readily be understood, made the greatest effect from its very original construction, but the entire work, beautifully played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, left a deep impression. Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Quartet in B minor (Op. 3) came at the end of the programme, played by the same artists—Herr Ries excepted, who was replaced by Mr Franklin Taylor—with equal facility and power. Beauty of another order from that of Beethoven shines here, but beauty nevertheless, of high degree and most fascinating description. The Scherzo, a real Mendelssohnian gem, never fails to delight all amateurs, and those who refused to stay and hear it on Monday night could hardly have known what pleasure they declined to enjoy. Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 7) was the pianoforte solo, played, if in no very striking, yet thoroughly correct, fashion by Mr Taylor, and the second part opened with Brahms' now famous and popular "Liebeslieder-Walzer," Misses Marie Krebs and Agnes Zimmermann being at the pianoforte, with Miss Sophie Löwe, Miss Helene Arum, Mr Shakespeare, and Mr Pyatt as vocalists. Having already discussed these charming trifles at adequate length, there is now no need to say more than that they were received, as they should be, with unqualified approbation.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Feb. 28 the concert for the benefit of the unfortunate Lyonnais workpeople was a success, thanks to the efforts of La Société Musicale, L'Orphéon de Boulogne, a new brass band, under the conductorship of M. Picard, styled "L'Union Symphonique," and the singing of Mme Louis Fontaine and M. Delorme. The Salle was crowded, all being there by invitation of the committee, while a plate at the door was well filled by the *invités*. On Monday next a similar concert, with the same object in view, will be given.

Since last I wrote, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Joseph Houzard*, *La Grande Duchesse de Boulogne*, Jean, Jeannette et Jeanneton, *Les Jurons de Caillac*, *Le Sourd*, and (for the benefit of Mlle Noailles, an old favourite in Boulogne) *Barbe Bleue* have been given, as well as a laughable little drama in two acts, entitled *La Fille du Clown*. Mlle Noailles, who undertook the part of Boulotte in *Barbe Bleue*, was warmly received. She was presented with a handsome bracelet from her fellow artists and five bouquets from the public. The season at the Salle Monsigny is drawing to an end. The house will be closed from March 25 till June 30.

On Sunday afternoons, for the last three months, lectures on popular subjects have been given in the Salle des Concerts. Last Sunday's attracted many of the "musical world." The subject was "Les philosophes sur le théâtre." M. Platrier, a professor at the local college, was the lecturer. After alluding to the stage philosophers, Aristophanes, Molière, and Pellissier, M. Platrier read extracts from the works of these authors, and commented especially on *Le Mariage forcé*, from which he read the scene between Pantrache and Sganarelle, recalling to his audience how well the same had been interpreted at a benefit given by the brothers Coquelin last autumn in this town. He also mentioned *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *Les Femmes savantes*, &c. From the works of Pellissier he selected *Le Cerf*, from which he read extracts, giving the plot (a political one), bringing in, as a burlesque, the names of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, and terminating with a letter from the latter to Pellissier, in which he gave the *Cerf* inventor a lesson, "How to walk uprightly."

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 14, 1877.

X. T. R.

ROTTERDAM.—A new opera, *Van Dyck*, by Herr Adolf Müller, has been successfully brought out here.

GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The Two Foster Brothers is the title of the very newest fancy at that merry little hall where fertility of invention is united to facility of accomplishment. Given Mr Gilbert A'Beckett to write the book and Mr. Alfred Cellier to idealise the subject with graceful melody, the latest entertainment could scarcely stray far out of the beaten track. If it were ever inclined to do so, certain it is that Miss Leonora Braham with her tuneful comedy, Mr. Corney Grain with his power of characterisation, and both Mr Alfred Reed and Mr Law with their disciplined sense of humour, would soon restore the old harmony and completeness. *The Two Foster Brothers* is, as regards its subject-matter, a little more farcical and full-flavoured than the generality of the German Reed entertainments, its humour is of a rougher order than usual, and far-seeing persons may see in this upsetting of conservative order and rigid simplicity a certain sign of the times. A few years ago it would have been considered strange indeed if Mrs German Reed had boldly announced her intention of substituting farce for fancy; but now, with a stroke of the magician's wand, farce is presented of a pattern which would have delighted theatrical audiences at the time when "A Rough Diamond" was produced, and Mr Buckstone delighted them with Cousin Joe. The two brothers now held up to ridicule are as unlike as they well can be. The one is a London exquisite; the other a Somersetshire farm labourer. The one is dressed by Poole; the other hides the difficulties of his attire with a smockfrock. Apparently for the sake of a comic reversal, by which Mr Corney Grain shall wear a smockfrock, patent leather boots, and a chimney-pot hat, and Mr Alfred Reed shall dawn upon the audience in all the full-blown dignity of a comic countryman dressed for a country fair, the old, well-worn, never-to-be-despised dramatic refuge of children changed at nurse is resorted to. In order, in fact, to create a thread of dramatic interest, the baronet becomes a ploughman, and the agriculturist turns out an aristocrat. The complications arising are inevitable, but amusing. The baronet feeds the pigs with cream, and "Our Jem," commits himself to the most outrageous solecisms; and, when the audience has laughed sufficiently, the changed cradle incident is, as usual, declared to be erroneous, and matters end as peaceably as they began. All the members of the company took the greatest pains not to strain the farcical incidents beyond their legitimate end, and all, as usual, worked carefully and well. Mr Alfred Reed and Mr Law were funny without exaggeration. Mr Corney Grain gave a capital bit of character as a bored exquisite, and Mrs German Reed with Miss Leonora Braham, endeavoured to win the subject back to the idyllic fields where it would have found a welcome companion in Mr Alfred Cellier's music. Occasionally the melody appeared to pine for a more sympathetic subject, although it must be fairly confessed that the eccentricity was congenial to the audience as it stood. It is fairly open to question, however, whether this rapid hurry in the direction of competition with the theatres is altogether judicious. The light operas, the musical romances, the chamber comediettas given with such success by Mrs German Reed and her company can be found in the same perfection nowhere else. Farce-acting may be looked for elsewhere, and from artists trained for the purpose. What verses of society are to the literature of the drawing-room, Mrs German Reed's Entertainment is to the amusement of the public.

JOHN OXENFORD'S DRAMATIC WORKS, &c.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In the last number of the *Musical World* you insert a list of John Oxenford's dramatic works on the authority of the *Era*. Allow me to state that there are many more I could name which were not in that list, amongst others, the very popular opera of *Robin Hood*, produced at Her Majesty's Theatre; his dramatic cantata, *The Sleeper Awakened*; and his translation of Bürger's romantic poem, *Lenore*—all three composed by Professor G. A. Macfarren. Your obedient servant,

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

DR W. A. BARRETT'S LECTURES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Allow me to thank Mr D. Baptie for his kind and courteous note. The report from which he gained his information concerning my lectures was not correct. By a slip of the pen I am styled Mus. Doc., I am at present only Mus. Bac. I am also made to say that Webbe wrote 107 glees. I said published (of course, in his own time). As my lectures are now printed, your esteemed correspondent may be glad to have the opportunity of reading my words as I spoke them. I am, yours truly,

W. A. BARRETT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

LAST CONCERT BUT ONE OF THE SEASON.

THE THIRTY-THIRD CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1877.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 29, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Schubert.
SONGS, { "Old German Spring Song" } ... Mendelssohn.
 { "Rhenish Popular Song" } ...

Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN.

FANTASIA, in C major, Op. 17, for pianoforte alone—Mme
SCHUMANN ... Schumann.

PART II.

SONG, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"—Mr BARTON MCGUCKIN ... F. Clay.
SERENADE TRIO, in D major, Op. 8, for violin, viola, and violon-
cello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.
Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 17, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in F, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violinello—
MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Mozart.
TOCCATA, in C major, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE
KREBS ... Schumann.
LIEBESLIEDER-WALZER, Op. 52, for four hands on the piano-
forte, and voice parts *ad libitum*—Pianoforte—Mlle MARIE
KREBS and Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN; Vocalists—Mlles
SOPHIE LOWE and HELENE ANNIM, MM. SHAKESPEARE and
PYATT ... Brahms.
PRELUDE and FUGUE, in E minor, for pianoforte alone—Miss
AGNES ZIMMERMANN ... Mendelssohn.
TRIO (MS. by desire), for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—
Mlle MARIE KREBS, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI ... Balfe.

EXTRA CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, MARCH 21, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 127, for two violins, viola, and violon-
cello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.
SONG—Herr HENSCHEL ... Beethoven.
SONATA, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for
pianoforte alone—Mme SCHUMANN ... Beethoven.
SONG—Herr HENSCHEL ... Beethoven.
QUARTET, in F, Op. 133, for two violins, viola, and violinello—
MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S RECITAL (prior to
her departure for Paris), at ST JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY AFTERNOON,
March 23. Tickets and programmes at the usual agents; and of BOOSEY & CO.,
295, Regent Street.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on
WEDNESDAY next, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mme Edith Wynne, Miss
Frances Brooke, and Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Maybrick, and
Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Mme Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal
Union, under the direction of Mr Fred. Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR.
Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 4s. and 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets of
Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOOSEY & CO., 295, Regent
Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR HEAVYBODY.—Richard Wagner was born at Leipsic, in 1813.
He is 63 years of age. An oratorio by him was performed at the
Gewandhaus (according to Herr Dorn), but has never since been
heard. Wagner also composed two operas, in 1833 and 1836, about
which no one seems to know anything. He was successively music-
director of the theatres of Magdeburg, Königsberg, and Riga. At
the last-named town he composed his opera, *Rienzi*, which, produced
at Dresden in 1842, first made him talked about. He had a large
black dog, with inflated nostrils.

NOTICE.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive
four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expedient.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—Did you ever hear Wagner's overture to *Polonia*?
DR QUINCE.—No; but I've heard his overture to *Rule Britannia*.
DR SHIPPING.—Which do you like of the two?
DR QUINCE.—*Polonia*. Did you ever hear *Rule Britannia*?
DR SHIPPING.—No; but I've heard *Polonia*.
DR QUINCE.—Which do you prefer?
DR SHIPPING.—*Rule Britannia*.

[Exeunt severally, perplexed.]

I Variation.



At the Moon and Ghoul, Ilminster.

DR DAY.—How did you like the new quartet at the Pops?
DR NIGHT.—Of Brahms!

DR DAY.—Of Brahms?

DR NIGHT.—In B flat?

DR DAY.—In B flat.

DR NIGHT (*mysteriously*).—Humph!

DR DAY.—Why Humph?

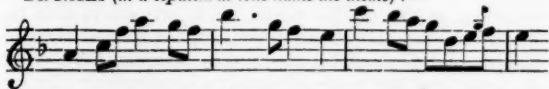
DR NIGHT.—I liked the *andante*, although there is a variation which is no variation.

DR DAY.—A variation no variation? Where?

DR NIGHT.—After the *fantasia*-episode, beginning five in a bar—where it goes into D.

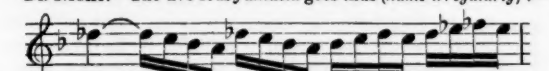
DR DAY.—Explain.

DR NIGHT (*in a sepulchral tone hums the theme*):—



DR DAY.—That's the theme—

DR NIGHT.—The five-four *fantasia* goes thus (*hums irregularly*):—



DR DAY.—That's no variation, Son of Darkness!

DR NIGHT.—Child of Light! I said not that it was.

DR DAY.—Imp of obscurity! Evolve!

DR NIGHT.—Eye of the Universe! Behold! (*Unfolds a writ on vellum parchment*):—

Vellum Parchment.



Thunder and lightning. Voice of MR AP'MUTTON in the far.

VOICE OF MR AP'MUTTON.—Go to the Bee and Bottle. A scrimmage comes. O! where's Flosshilde! Polkaw! Polkaw! Ere thou writ'st verse, learn from the "divine Williams" how to scan! (*Thunder, lightning.*)

DR DAY.—By the keel of the Java!—the voice of Ap'Mutton! Poor master! Once translated, now returned to earth, a-seeking for Flosshilde? By Gilmore and the Boston Festival!—this beats Franconian Bayreuth! By Cosima and Ricciardo! By Arabellissima and Josephus Gulielmus Wirkksamemittel!

DR NIGHT (*sepulchrally*).—Of what ravest thou?

DR DAY.—The variation.

DR NIGHT.—It is no variation.

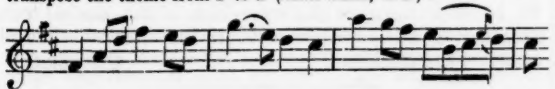
DR DAY.—Thou liest!

DR NIGHT.—How? *Cave canem!*

DR DAY.—I am Diogenes. I will throw a lamp upon it from out my tub.

DR NIGHT.—Throw, and illumine.

DR DAY.—Dark gnome of Erebus! Alberich Secundus! I will transpose the theme from F to D (*hums theme, in D*):—



DR NIGHT.—Thou one-eyed Argus! Thou Polyphemus metamorphosed! This is no variation—

DR DAY (*interrupting him*).—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Pardon me. Thou know'st nothing of the metamorphosis of themes.

DR NIGHT.—Dannreuther me no Dannreuther. Francisus Huefferus says it is all wails and buskins. Galimatias!

DR DAY.—Huefferus be impaled! Listen! (*Hums, in different parts of his voice*):—



DR NIGHT.—How many voices have you got? You are now tenor, now soprano, again tenor, &c.

DR DAY.—Look at the vellum parchment writ on. There you will see polyphony. I do but imitate the several parts which in sequence constitute the melody. The polyphonic arrangement forms the variation.

Terrific cyclone—thunder, lightning, water-spout, torpedos, &c. Voice of MR AP'MUTTON, nearer and nearer:

VOICE OF MR AP'MUTTON.—Hang polyphony! Wagner comes! Lett may follow. Go to Bee and Bottle. I'll lend you my tarnkap: you will hear scrimmage. Ask Wagner about Flosshilde for me. You shall have Welgunde and Wogelinde between you. I have Wotan's spear and Siegfried's sword. Begone! or ware the wrath of Ap'Mutton! I am cast of an eye, and wear a mantle blue. I will stick swords into ash-trees.

A fierce and troublous hurricane. Wraith of FRANCIS HUEFFER.

VOICE OF AP'MUTTON (*in the far*).—Awast! (*Tarnkap falls with a crash through roof of Moon and Ghou. Wraith absconds.*)

DR NIGHT (*shivering*).—Allons. Entrons par le Piémont.

DRS DAY and NIGHT *put their heads jointly in tarnkap, and in the twinkling of an eye, find themselves at the Bee and Bottle.*

Apparition of DRS SERPENT and GHOST.



DR SERPENT (*hissing*).—Here's Night!

DR GHOST (*feeling white*).—Here's Day!

DRS GHOST and SERPENT.—Let's slope!

[*Vanish.*]

DR DAY.—Nobody come?

DR NIGHT.—No! by th' owl of Minerva!

Enter MUMBO and JUMBO.



MUMBO.—Am scrimmage over?

JUMBO.—Guess it am.

MUMBO.—Who dat?

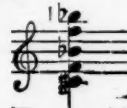
JUMBO.—Him Dr Day. Whom dat oder?

MUMBO.—Him Dr Night.

JUMBO (*trembling*).—Gollowallagolla! De doo am gither!

MUMBO (*perspiring*).—Allogtallawollog! Go baccy room—no more scrimmage!

JUMBO.—Ahjajahah!—



(Noise in smoke-room—smashing of plates, throwing bottles, report of pistols, screams from landlord and barmaid—evident dissension—cries of Wagner! Liszt! Brahms! Joachim! &c.)

MUMBO and JUMBO (in convulsions).—Wagner him come!

(Exeunt precipitately by separate doors.)



DR DAY.—Five in a bar!

DR NIGHT.—Like Brahms!

(Terrible noise from smoke-room—Colonel Twist, Dr Shivers, Mr Baylis Boil, Mr Purple Powis, Sir Caper O'Corby, and Mr Lavender Pitt rush out, in angry dissension, Sir Caper dealing blows right and left with his shillelagh.)

DR DAY (perplexed).—Heu cauda!

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad! Who are those Philisters? Be the hand o' me body, let 'em thread on me coat-tails!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No. It's Day and Night.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Smithereens! I hate 'em both. I'd mix 'em together—small quantity o' Day and large quantity o' Night. Thread on my skirts! Balingarry me beard!

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! No. They are quiet fellows.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Cornudgeons, begorrt!

MR LAVENDER PITT (taking him aside).—Calm yourself—you've had the best of the argument about Mazeppa. What more do you want? Twist, Shivers, Boil, and Purple are no longer conscious—they are non compos, in short, and—

SIR CAPER O'CORBY (interrupting him).—But Day and Night! Be the bludgeon of Hercules—

MR LAVENDER PITT.—Be quiet, or the landlord will come up—

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—I don't care a sthraw about old Jollycastle—

MR LAVENDER PITT.—But Miss Kate Jollycastle?

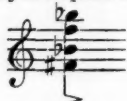
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bedad! you've hit it—you've hit—(falls on sofa, and begins to snore.)

MR LAVENDER PITT (to DR DAY and NIGHT).—Gentlemen, I advise you, not having the honor, Aw! of your immediate acquaintance, Aw! to get away as soon as possible. When fuwious he is wewy fuwious. Aw! He'll wake soon. Aw!

DR DAY (aside to DR NIGHT).—What say you to Tarnkap, and Illminster?

DR NIGHT.—By all means.

MISS JOLLYCASTLE playing on the piano in the landlord's sanctum.



MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!

DRS DAY and NIGHT (putting on Tarnkap).—To Illminster! At the Moon and Ghoul, Illminster.

DR DAY.—The Fates be praised! We can talk soberly here. (rings).

Enter WAITER.

DR NIGHT.—Brandy and soda!

DR DAY.—Soda and brandy!

DR NIGHT.—Here's a coil!

DR DAY.—All along of a tetralogical Mazeppa. Wagner comes to-morrow!

DR NIGHT (in a "monumental" tone).—And when goes hence?

Enter WAITER with brandies and sodas.

WAITER.—Both asleep! I'll drink 'em myself. [Exit.

DR DAY (dreaming):—



DR NIGHT (dreaming):—



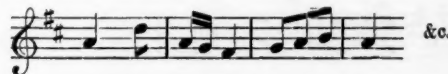
DR DAY (muttering in his sleep).—Heu!

DR NIGHT (muttering in his sleep).—Cauda! Curtains.

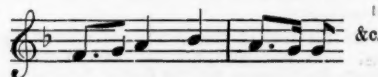
Bach's "Passion of St. Matthew" and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—New editions of the above-named masterpieces have just been issued by the house of Boosey & Co. For more than one reason they are entitled to consideration. The death of John Oxenford has excited curiosity about his literary labours, the variety and extent of which were almost unknown to the outside world. Few are aware that the accomplished scholar, distinguished poet, and greatest of critics had occupied much of his leisure time in turning the librettos of operas and the books of oratorios into sterling English. Yet, during his later years, Oxenford busied himself earnestly with this especial kind of work; and, to cite only one example, his translation of *Lohengrin* is an effort of which any scholar might feel proud. Wagner, if he understood English as well as he understands Medieval Teutonic, would not have disdained to own it. I have in my possession a letter from Oxenford (who had then just finished his translation), containing these words: "I know nothing about the music of Wagner, but I can affirm positively that he is a great poet." The most recent examples of Oxenford's talent in the direction to which I refer are literal versions of the texts of Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and Beethoven's *Christus am Olberge* (*Christ on the Mount of Olives*)—issued by the firm of Boosey & Co. A careful perusal of both has persuaded me that they far surpass anything else in their way that we possess. In early life, absorbed in studies of another kind, Oxenford, though really fond of music, paid little or no attention to the productions of the masters whom Schumann eloquently describes as "looking down upon us from among the stars." Nevertheless, he has often said to me—"I wish I had spent as much time in informing myself about these giant oratorios, symphonies, and other things, of which you speak so often, and with such reverence. I, too, should have loved them. But I go to the opera,* and come away from *Lucrezia* humming:—



"while you go to the opera, and are always humming a tune from *Guillaume Tell*—something like this":—



As Oxenford grew in years—though one of the greatest humorists of our time—he, who looked at all things literary and philosophical from a serious point of view, began to take more and more interest in the works of the old musicians; and his connection with the house of Boosey & Co. has led to important results. The editions of Bach's *Passion of St Matthew* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* are not the least valuable of his labours in this direction. The English translations are as masterly as they are close to the originals; and, with Mr Josiah Pittman's careful supervision of the musical text, they may be safely recommended to the attention alike of amateurs and musicians.

Otto Beard.

MILAN.—Signor Petrella's new opera, *La Fata di Pozzuoli*, will be brought out in the summer at the Teatro Carcano.

* Oxenford was then the musical critic of the *Times*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD is to play the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, at her recital on the 23rd inst. *Better late than never*. It was written expressly for her, and is dedicated to her. Moreover, its gifted composer used to say, over and over again—"She is my Joan of Arc!" The remainder of Mme. Goddard's programme is irreproachable—worthy of a distinguished artist, worthy of one who, when she chooses to play her best, is the greatest of living pianists.

ONE great attraction of the Italian Opera, London, in 1723 was Signora Cuzzani. Previously to her public appearance, she sang before the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were greatly delighted with her. She was engaged at the then enormous salary of £2,000 a-year, on the presumption that she would prove a great success. Nor were the managers disappointed, for they were enabled on the evening of her second performance to demand and receive four guineas for each single ticket. The following epigram was published immediately after her *début* :—

"If Orpheus' notes could woods and rocks inspire
And make dull rivers listen to his lyre,
Cuzzani's voice can, with far greater skill,
Rouse death to life, and, what is living, kill."

The fact of the lady's having inspired the epigram proves that her singing must have been better than the epigram itself.

GAY wrote his well-known ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," upon Mrs Montford, the celebrated actress and contemporary of Colley Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love and the ingratitude of a bosom friend deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a lunatic asylum. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told it was *Hamlet*. While on the stage, she had always been exceedingly popular as Ophelia. The recollection struck her, and, with the cunning so frequently allied to insanity, she eluded her keepers and made her way to the theatre. She remained concealed until Ophelia enters for the mad scene, then, pushing past the lady who was playing the character, she went on the stage and gave a most marvellous representation of the scene. She was Ophelia herself, to the amazement of performers and audience. When she had made this last effort she exclaimed: "It is all over." She was forthwith conveyed back to her domicile, where she died a few days afterwards.

GLUCK possessed a warm patroness in Marie Antoinette. He was admitted to her toilette, and she never ceased talking to him. One day she inquired whether he had nearly concluded his opera of *Armida*, and whether it pleased him. Gluck calmly replied, with his German accent, "Madame, it will soon be finished, and will really be sublime." His opinion, thus roundly expressed, was, as we know, corroborated by the public.

ACCORDING to M. Wekerlin, the learned librarian of the Paris Conservatory, Gluck, when desirous of exciting his fancy and of transporting himself to Taurus, Sparta, or Erebus, required to be seated in the middle of a field, where, under the canopy of heaven, exposed to the rays of the sun, with his piano before him, and a couple of bottles of champagne by his side, he wrote the two Iphigenias, the complaints of Orpheus, and the daring love of Paris. Sarti, on the contrary, preferred a large, empty room, lighted in a lugubrious fashion by a single lamp hanging from the ceiling. He could never hit upon a musical notion except late at night and amid profound silence. Sacchini could compose only with his Dulcinea near him, while his cats and kittens were gamboling around. Paisiello, when composing, always lay in bed. Thus he wrote *Nina*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the *Molina*, and other works. To extemporise, and afterwards develop in less than four hours, an entire act of *Giulietta e Romeo*, all Zingarelli needed was to read a passage from a Latin classic, or a Father of the Church. Anfossi had a brother of great promise, who died young. This composer could not write except when surrounded by capons, sausages, and ham. Haydn roamed about the seventh heaven of invention without moving from his chair, but always attired in a court suit. [A very, very old story, M. Wekerlin!—D.P.]

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE winter evenings, or rather the pleasant Friday evenings "At Home," of Mrs Charles Eley came to an end last Friday. Her elegant salons and splendid music-room will be closed for a long time—far too long a time indeed for those who have had the pleasure of spending many pleasant hours in "perfect harmony," and listening to "sweet melody." The fine organ on which Mrs Eley discourses so eloquently and the sweet voices of many fair amateurs will be silent for a time, but not forgotten. Mrs Charles Eley will in a few days leave her charming residence for the Continent in search of new inspirations for next season.

S. L.

M. ALEXANDRE GUILMANT (organist of the Church of the Trinity, Paris) gave a recital on the great organ at the residence of Mr N. J. Holmes, Primrose Hill Road, on Saturday afternoon, March 10. M. Guilmant's performance of the following pieces was marked by all his well-known talent (and he was unanimously called upon to repeat the Allegretto from his fifth book of *L'Organiste Pratique*) :—Prelude in E flat (J. S. Bach); Funeral song; Offertoire for Easter; Choral; Allegretto; and Fuga, Alla Handel; Fifth Book of *L'Organiste Pratique*, dedicated to Mr N. J. Holmes (Guilmant); Choral with Variations; Sixth Sonata (Mendelssohn); Improvisation; First Meditation; and Fugue in D major (Guilmant).

PROVINCIAL.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr W. Pyatt's second concert, with the artists of the Monday Popular Concerts, St James's Hall, London, took place on Thursday, March 1st, in the Albert Hall. The artists were Herr Joachim, Herr L. Ries, Mr Zerbini, and Mdle Marie Krebs. Miss Agnes Larkcom was the vocalist, and Sir Julius Benedict conducted. The following is the programme :—Part I.—Quartet in D major, Op. 64, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn); Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (Sullivan); Sonata in F major for violoncello (Marcello); Song, "Berceuse" (Gounod); Toccata in C major (Schumann). Part II.—Prelude, Bourrée, Minuet, and Gavotte, in E major, for violin alone (Bach); Andante in E major, and Scherzo in A minor (fragments of an unfinished quartet), for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mendelssohn); Song, "I have been with the rose" (Balfe); Trio in D minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn). The success of the concert—says the *Nottingham Journal*—is a matter of congratulation, as it shows a marked improvement in the musical taste of Nottingham. The hall was full, and the audience appreciative. Mr Pyatt's efforts to raise the standard of musical taste have been successful. There were no "shivering subscribers" in the hall last evening, the arrangements for preventing draughts and securing the comfort of those present having been well attended to under Mr Pyatt's direction.

BRIGHTON.—From the *Sussex Express* we learn that Mr Kuhe and Mr Carrodus have been playing at the Aquarium concerts with success. Mr Wilford Morgan was the vocalist. "He is one of the comparatively few singers who succeed in drawing large audiences at the Aquarium evening concerts, and his success will probably induce the management to retain his services. His engagements hitherto, in our opinion, have been too 'few and far between.' Mr Wilford Morgan has not yet appeared in Brighton at any but the Aquarium concerts, but we have been so favourably impressed by his efforts that we hope Mr Kuhe and other of our local *entrepreneurs*, in addition to the Aquarium management, will give us the opportunity of hearing him often."

LEEDS.—On Thursday, March 8, Dr Spark delivered his lecture on "The Vocal Music of the Victorian Era" in St Simon's School, Ventnor Street. A more striking proof of the popularity and appreciation in which Dr Spark is held could not be given than by the large and appreciative audience. The Rev. Thomas Whitby (the vicar of St Simon's) occupied the chair, and made a characteristic speech in introducing Dr Spark, who was received with enthusiasm. Misses Jeannie Taylor, Kennedy, Messrs Nunn and Dodds, were the vocalists who assisted in the "illustrations" of the lecture, which was listened to with great interest. At the conclusion a vote of thanks to Dr Sparks was proposed by the Rev. Mr Whitby, and seconded by Mr Lee.

MAIDSTONE.—The final entertainment this season in connection with the Literary and Mechanics' Institution took place at the Maidstone Corn Exchange. The vocalists were Miss Marian Lynton (soprano), Miss Janet Clayton (mezzo-soprano), Miss Gertrude Lawes (contralto), Mr Willbye Cooper (tenor), and Mr Stanley Smith (bass); and the instrumentalists: Herr Rosenthal (solo violin), and Mr Michael Watson (solo pianoforte). The vocalists acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience, and the instrumentalists

no less so. Mr Watson was admired for his performance of a waltz ("Sabrina") of his own composition, and Herr Rosenthal for Leonard's "Souvenir d'Haydn," and his expressive "rendering" of the slow movement from Spohr's ninth concerto. The entertainments throughout the season have proved very successful, and the committee may be congratulated upon a genuine success.

COSTANTINO DALL' ARGINE.

The above composer, who had especially distinguished himself for his ballet music, died on the 1st instant at Milan. He was only thirty-four. He made his first dramatic essay about ten years ago with a little opera, *I due Orsi*, the libretto of which was founded on one of Scribe's old vaudevilles, *L'Ours et le Pacha*. He then conceived the strange notion of re-setting *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and, what is more, of dedicating the score to Rossini, who, in reply, sent him the following letter:—

"I think I am bound to inform you that I received your amiable letter of the 2nd inst. Your name was by no means unknown to me. So far from this being the case, some time ago the fame of the brilliant success you achieved with *I due Orsi* found its way to my ears; I can, therefore, not help being pleased at your holding me in some slight esteem, since you are kind enough (though you consider it very audacious on your part!) to dedicate to me the work to which you are now putting the last touches.

"The only thing I consider superfluous in your charming letter is the word *audacious*. I certainly did not consider myself audacious when I set to music, in twelve days, after Papa Paisiello, Beaumarchais' graceful subject. Why should you be audacious, then, for resolving, after more than half a century, on again writing the music of a *Barbiere*?

"A short time since they performed Paisiello's version at a Paris theatre. Sparkling as it does with spontaneous melodies and dramatic spirit, it obtained great and merited success. Much polemical strife and much discussion have been excited by it, and are still going on, between the admirers of the old and those of the new music. You must be guided (at least, such is my advice) by the ancient proverb, which says: 'Between two pleaders, a third derives the advantage.' Believe me when I say: I hope you will be such a third. May, then, your new *Barbiere* prove as successful as I desire, and achieve imperishable glory for its author and the native land of us both. Such are the wishes entertained for you by the old man born in Pesaro and named

"As I said above, I shall be pleased to accept the dedication of your new work, and beg you to receive beforehand my thanks.

"Pasey, 8th August, 1868."

The new *Barbiere*, however, did not prove successful, and, after two or three performances, disappeared for ever. The author seemed somewhat discouraged, and, renouncing, temporarily at least, opera, turned his attention to ballet. In the space of seven or eight years he wrote the music of some twenty works of this kind. It was especially remarkable for its rhythmical qualities, its vivacity, and its elegant instrumentation. Among his ballets we may mention *Amina*, *Il Diavolo a quattro*, *La Comargo*, *Madimigella D'Heilly* (in collaboration with Sig. Paolo Giorza), *La Devadacy*, *La Battaglia di Legnano*, *Il Diavolo zoppo*, *Zelia*, *Nisa e Saib*, *Loreley*, and *Nerone*.

Dall'Argine was a conductor as well as a composer. While officiating very lately in the former capacity at Mantua, during the first performance of *La Contessa d'Analfi*, he was struck down at his desk by an apoplectic fit. He was taken up in an almost dying condition, and conveyed home. He recovered, however, and went to Milan for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals of his new ballet, *Nerone*, at the Scala. He died in that city on the 1st instant, as previously stated.—*Revue de la Musique*.

COPYRIGHT IN SONGS.—At the Lord Mayor's Court, last Saturday, before Mr W. Brandon, an action was brought by Messrs Sprake & Palmer, music publishers, Islington Green, to recover *solatium* from Mr W. Sutton, a printer, of the Old Bailey, for an alleged infringement of copyright in certain music-hall songs, to which the defendant pleaded a denial of the allegation in the record. Defendant admitted that he had sold some 5,000 copies of the songs in a book for a penny the volume. The plaintiffs had been obliged to protect their property from similar piracies on previous occasions. The Jury considered that plaintiffs had established their ground of action, and gave them a verdict for ten guineas. The Deputy Judge also granted an injunction against defendant.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

St James's Hall was densely crowded on Wednesday, when the "last but one" of the present season of Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts was given. The extraordinary popularity these concerts have attained is due to the admirable way in which they are conducted, to the artists who assist, and to the judicious selection of music allotted to them. Mesdames Edith Wynne, Antoinette Sterling, Cave Ashton, Messrs Maybrick, Beckett, Shakespeare, and Sims Reeves were at their posts, and in "full song," earning applause and "encores" to their hearts' content. Mad. Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and obtained the honours her exceptional talent invariably commands. Mr Sydney Naylor accompanied the vocal music.

The Popular Concerts.

Which is the fittest day, do you say
For our classical music? Monday,
Saturday, Wednesday, every day?
Fashion has only to lead the way;
Shoddy will imp it—who shall say nay?
Refinement will follow in due course,
And genius and talent be none the worse.

I would not be thought invidious in wishing God-speed to the "Higher Development," until such time as the educated classes can bring as much enthusiasm in support of an entertainment for them as do the lower classes for the Christy Minstrels, &c. &c. The prophetic soul of the poet foretold the era of Daily Pops.

Bentwell Wellben.

THE PRIMROSE.

A child of storm,
Of frost and snow, of winds that rage,
Art thou! Thy fragile form,
Pale primrose, speaks thy tender age.

At thy chill birth,
The sun doth hide his face in frown;
Refusing to the earth,
Delights that should thy birthday crown.

No birdie sings,
To hail thy first glad, hopeful, smile;
The wind, with rude, fierce wings,
Thy natal-chant doth howl the while.

No sister-bloom
Now greets thee with a welcome kiss;
All is wrapt in gloom;
Alone, thou art a thing of bliss.

A pioneer
Art thou of sunny summer time
A messenger so dear,
That speaks of coming joys sublime.

Pattering feet
Draw near to seek thy grassy dwelling;
Lips, fresh and rosy, meet
To kiss thy blossoms gently swelling.

Like spirit bright
From earth escaped to regions blessed,
Thou com'st from winter's night,
In simple robe of pureness dressed.

Though doom'd to fade,
And leave ere summer's joys appear;
Thy requiem shall be played,
By sweetest minstrels of the year.

March 12th, 1877.

P. G.

ROME.—Strauss's *Reine Indigo* has been performed at the Valle.

BARCELONA.—*Aida* has been produced at the Liceo.

NICE.—A new opera, *Il Tribuno*, by Signor Capellini, a young Venetian composer, is announced as shortly to be produced here.

PESTH.—The company from the Komische Oper, Vienna, have performed *Le Roi Fa dit*, by M. Léo Délibes.

GRENOBLE.—The local Philharmonic Society and the band of the Artillery, stationed here, took part the other day in a service celebrated in memory of M. Bertini, the composer and pianist. A special feature in the programme was a Funeral March composed for the occasion by M. Magnier, the Artillery bandmaster.

Acrostic.

Love went upon his way
 One day in early spring;
 Unkind the north wind's sting,
 Inclement bleak the day.

 Here were the leaves and brown,
 All silent groves and bowers.
 Jealously winter's frown
 Affrighted early flowers.

 Reufully Love looked round,
 Rested as if spellbound,
 Ere he with foot so fleet
 Trod on the barren ground,
 To see a sweet March violet spring forth
 beneath his feet.

March 14th, 1877.

Pastor Fido.

WAIFS.

Handel's *Joshua* has been given at Salem, U.S.

Mr Theodore Thomas has been giving concerts in Boston.

Cincinnati merchants employ lady collectors with fair results.

M. Fechter's daughter will appear in *Mignon* at the Opéra-Comique.

Speaking of a fop, Lavender says: "To my mind, he dresses not wisely, but too swell."

Mr George F. Gear will play a sonata for the pianoforte of his own composition at his *matinée*, on Tuesday night. (*Bravo!*)

Messrs Carrodus and Howell, assisted by Messrs Nicholson and Doyle, have been giving "quartet concerts" in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other cities in Scotland.

The report of the Committee on the proposal of M. Mention to levy a tax upon pianos has been laid before the French Chamber of Deputies, and is adverse to the proposal.

Mdlle Albani's benefit at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, is announced for the 20th inst. The opera will be *I Puritani*, for which a new tenor, Signor Marini, has been engaged.

Herr Ignaz Brüll has accepted invitations to take part in concerts at Stuttgart and Frankfort. His opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, was brought out on the 6th inst. at the first named town.

The Paris theatres have been subjected to searching visits from constituted authorities, to see that all precautions prescribed by the police against fire have been scrupulously carried out.

The first portion of M. Sapin's theatrical library has been brought to the hammer. M. Wekerlin purchased some lots for the Paris Conservatory, and M. Nutter for the Grand Opera.

M. Capoul will be in London on the 21st inst. His place in Victor Masse's opera of *Paul et Virginie* at the Théâtre-Lyrique will be taken by M. Engel, already once his substitute.

M. Giraudet sustains the part of Father Joseph in M. Gounod's new opera of *Cinq Mars*. It was to have been confided to M. Obin, but did not quite suit that gentleman's voice. The first performance is fixed for to-day, the 17th inst.

A jack-knife genius in Richmond, Indiana, we are informed by the *Boston Courier*, has made a violin out of an old maple bedpost and the cover of a dry-goods box. An increased mortality among cats has attended this development of home industry.

The Mayor of Bordeaux has written to thank M. Faure for the performance given by the celebrated baritone in aid of the poor of the town and of the commonwealth of actors at the Grand-Théâtre. The receipts of the performance exceeded 13,000 francs.

The production of M. E. Reyer's opera, *La Statue*, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, has been postponed from the 15th of the present month to the 15th November. M. Vizzentini has engaged to bring out the *Jean de Nivelle*, by M. Léo Délibes, and *Le Feu*, by M. Guiraud.

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher, &c.," was the following:—"Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

Señor de Sarasate and M. Anton Door have been very successful on the concert tour they are making together. They were exceedingly well received in Gratz and Trieste. From the last named town they were to proceed by way of Agram, to Pesth, where they intended giving two concerts.

The share due to the Society of Authors, Composers, and Music Publishers, on the receipts of the ball at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the benefit of unemployed operatives of Lyons, amounting to 8,535 francs, 50 centimes, was handed over to the Maréchal de MacMahon for transmission to the Mayor of Lyons.

Mdlle Heilbron, after singing three times at the Théâtre-Italien, will sustain, in the early part of next month, the principal female character in the new work *Le Bravo*, by MM. Blavet and Salvayre, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. The other artists are Mdlle Berthe Thibaut, MM. Bouhy, Duchesne, Caïssa, Gresse, and Bonnefoy.

A few days since, as M. Halanzier was driving in his carriage along the Rue de la Paix, the horse took fright and ran up against the railings of the Vendôme Column. The vehicle was dashed to pieces. Some difficulty was experienced in extricating M. Halanzier. When this was effected, it was found that he had received no injury.

Mr John Oxenford, the eminent dramatic author and critic, who was born in 1812, was originally intended for the legal profession; but the success of his early literary efforts encouraged him to devote himself entirely to literature. He was the author of numerous translations, dramas, melodramas, comedies, and farces, and the manner in which they were constructed bore evidence to his comprehensive knowledge of the languages and dramatic literature of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Besides other works which exhibit signs of high scholarly attainments, he translated Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, the *Autobiography of Goethe*, Jacob's "Hellas," illustrations of the home history of the ancient Greeks, and Kuno Fischer's *Bacon*; and he wrote largely on the subject of German literature, both general and philosophical. He was also a graceful lyrical writer, as his numerous songs and opera libretti attest. Throughout a long series of years he contributed to a variety of daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly journals, and for thirty years was the chief dramatic critic of *The Times*. His excessive kindness of disposition, however, made him often pass a lenient judgment upon productions which were by no means tenderly dealt with by others; but though, to the superficial reader, his criticisms might seem to contain nothing but eloquent eulogy, it has been well remarked that those who "read between the lines" could have little difficulty in arriving at an opinion worthy consideration.—*Graphic*.

(For Music.)

TO MR AND MRS W. H. HOLMES.*

Dear friends I find you still agree,
 While other folks are yawning,
 To rise, like "early birds," to work
 Melodious in the dawning.

In balmy days of summer time,
 Pray let me give this warning,
 That all who can, may rise betimes,
 To taste the breath of morning:

'Tis then the air is heav'nly sweet!
 And crystal clear at dawning,
 Before the sun has risen quite,
 At four o'clock 't the morning,

The finest birds their sonnets sing
 Then, 'neath their leafy awning,
 The sparrows pert are silent still,
 At four o'clock 't the morning;

Then rise! who will, while rosy beams
 The hills are all adorning,
 There's pleasure still, for young or old,
 At four o'clock 't the morning.

*Copyright.

J. C. B.

DEATH.

On the 15th March, at the residence of his youngest daughter, Madame Boddá Pyne, GEORGE PYNE, in the 88th year of his age.

(Lines for Music.)

GOLDEN SUNBEAMS.*

When the sky frowns dark and low'ring,
Oft we feel a shud'ring dread,
That so vain are all our strivings,
It were better we were dead.
All at once a gleam of sunshine
Scatters all the darkness—then
Angel voices seem to whisper—
Mortal, hope and strive again.
Golden sunbeams, brightly shining,
Bid the heart forget its woes.
Hope dispels each vain repining
When the sunlight warmly glows.

See the bride, with trembling footsteps,
Treads the church's gloomy aisle,
When the rain with dreary patter
Seems to banish ev'ry smile;
Till, at last, the clouds receding,
Phœbus, clad in radiance bright,
Cheers the hearts of bride and bridegroom
With his beams of glorious light.
Golden sunbeams, &c.

E'en at last when years advancing
See us stretch'd on couch of pain,
And we lie in doubtful wond'ring
If we e'er shall rise again.

As we ponder, thro' the lattice
Comes a bright and golden ray,
Silent messenger from heaven,
Herald of the coming day!

Golden sunbeams, &c. LEWIS NOYRA.

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